

Deposited July 10. 1851
Recorded Vol. 26. Page 278.



Recd at L.S.
15 Jan'y 1852.

BOSTON *Published by* OLIVER DITSON *145 Washington St.*



own, cab-in door, And thinking of noth-ing at all in the world, But the

flow'rs that were blooming the cab-in roof o'er; The step that she heard at her

side the same min-ute, The voice that so mu-si-cal broke on her ear, The

sigh that came warm on her ro-sy red cheek, All spoke to her heart then of



2

"Oh Judy Mc Leary you beautiful soul,
 It's yourself I am thinking of, three days and more,
 But I crooshed down my heart till I felt it was breaking,
 And then you persave I could hear it no more.
 Then tell me dear Judy at once if you're willing
 To lave your own cabin so lovely and dear,
 To gladden my life with your smile and your singing,
 The guardian angel of Terry Mc Leare."

3

The tear-drop in Judy's bright eye was fast gathering,
 And deep was the sorrow that spoke in her tone;
 "Oh Terry me darlint, how can I go with you,
 To lave my poor mother an orfin alone.
 Would you lave your own father and sisters and brothers,
 They're dozens and dozens, they'd never miss you,
 And welcome ye'd be to our own little cabin,
 It's plenty convenient for us and you too."

4

Then Judy stopped quickly, and looked on the ground.
 For she feared she was speaking of more than was right;
 But Terry he blessed her with wann Irish feeling,
 And gained the consent of her mother that night,
 The bells they were ringing and glad voices singing
 A welcome to Judy's own cabin so dear,
 And never the cow was suspecting the change
 From Judy Mc Leary to Judy Mc Leare!